

Patti Smith, 25th Floor

We explore the men's room.
We don't give a shit.
Ladies' lost electricity;
take vows inside of it.

Desire to dance;
Too startled to try.
Wrap my legs 'round you,
starting to fly.

Let's explore
up there, up there, up there,
on the twenty-fifth floor.

Circle all around me,
coming for the kill, kill, kill
oh kill me baby
like a kamikaze
heading for a spill.
oh but it's all spilt milk to me.

Desire to dance;
Too startled to try.
Wrap my legs 'round you,
starting to fly.

Let's soar
up there, up there, up there,
on the twenty-fifth floor.

We do not eat
flower of creation.
We do not eat,
eat anything at all.
Love is, love was, love is a manifestation.
I'm waiting for a contact to call.
Love's war. Love's cruel.
Love's pretty, love's pretty cruel tonight.
I'm waiting here to refuel.
I'm gonna make contact tonight.
Love in my heart.
The night to exploit.
Twenty-five stories over Detroit,
and there's more
up there, up there, up there.

stoned in space. zeus. christ.
It has always been rock
and so it is and so it shall be.
within the context of neo rock
we must open up our eyes and seize
and rend the veil of smoke which man calls order.
pollution is a necessary result of the inability of man
to reform and transform waste.
the transformation of waste
the transformation of waste
the transformation of waste
the transformation of waste
is perhaps the oldest pre-occupation of man.
man being the chosen alloy,
he must be reconnected - via shit, at all cost.
inherent with(in) us is the dream of the task
of the alchemist to create from the clay of man.
and to re-create from excretion of man

pure and then soft and then solid gold.

all must not be art. some art we must disintegrate.
positive (anarchy must exist.)

(i feel it swirling around me
i feel it feeling no pain
i'm waiting above for you baby
i know that i'll see you up there
i'm floating in a door backward
on boundaries over this world
i'm waiting above in the sky, dear
upon a ...